Are clamorous groanes which ſtrike vpon my hart.
Which is the bell, ſo ſighs, and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes poſting on in Bullingbrokes proud ioye,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke.
This muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holp mad men to their witts,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his hart that giues it me,
For tis a ſigne of loue: and loue to Richard,
Is a ſtrange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a groome of the ſtable.

Groome. Haile roiall Prince.
Rich. Thankes noble peare:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten grotes too deare.
What art thou, and how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes, but that ſad dog,
That brings me foode to make miſfortune liue.
Groome. I was a poore groome of thy ſtable King,
When thou wert King: who trauailling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my ſometimes roiall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my hart when I beheld,
In London ſtreetes, that Corronation day,
When Bullingbroke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle freind,
How went he vnder him?
Groom. So proudly as if he diſdaind the ground.
Ric. So proud that Bullingbroke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not ſtumble, would he not fall downe
Since pride muſt haue a fal; and breake the necke,
Of that prond man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes horſe why do I raile on thee?

Since

Since thou created to be awed by man,
Waſt borne to beare; I was not made a horſe,
And yet I beare a burthen like an aſſe,
Spurrde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Enter one to Richard with meate.

Keeper Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.
Groome What my tong dares not, that my heart ſhal ſay.

Exit Groome.

Keeper My Lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall to?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt as thou art wont to do.
Keeper My Lord I dare not, ſir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King commaunds the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee,
Patience is ſtale, and I am wearie of it.
Keeper Help, help, help.

The murderers ruſh in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude aſſault?
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths inſtrument.
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Here Exton ſtrikes him downe.

Rich. That hand ſhall burne in neuer quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings bloud ſtaind the kings owne land.
Mount mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is vp on high,
Whilſt my groſſe fleſh ſinckes downeward here to die.
Exton As full of valure as of royall bloud:
Both haue I ſpilld, Oh would the deede were good!
For now the diuell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the liuing king Ile beare.
Take hence the reſt, and giue them buriall heere.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the duke of Yorke.

King Kind vncle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the rebels haue conſumed with fire

Our